

## The Journal and Courier

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

THE OLDEST DAILY PAPER PUBLISHED IN CONNECTICUT.

DELIVERED BY CARRIERS IN THE CITY, 10 CENTS A WEEK, 30 CENTS A MONTH, \$3.00 SIX MONTHS, \$9.00 A YEAR. THE SAME TERMS BY MAIL.

THE WEEKLY JOURNAL, Issued Thursdays, One Dollar a Year.

THE CARRINGTON PUBLISHING CO. OFFICE 400 STATE STREET.

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## Notice.

We cannot accept anonymous or return rejected communications. In all cases the name of the writer will be required, not for publication, but as a guarantee of faith.

There are many things in this great country. Near Stockton, California, is a band of Arabs, who raise India hemp and make hashish, which they use freely.

The Postoffice department having ordered that the final "h" shall be dropped from the names of postoffices ending in "burgh," the natives of Newburgh, N. Y., are up in arms and declare that they will not drop the "h" which has been a consecrated letter ever since Washington's headquarters were located in the town. There is reason in their protest.

Civil administration of the National Weather bureau has been cheaper than military administration. The expenditures for four years under civilian control and direction were about \$3,400,000, for which appropriations of \$3,632,953 were made. Out of \$378,430 appropriated for the present year only \$335,000 was expended, leaving a surplus of about \$43,000. The comparison in favor of civilian control is striking. The average cost per year for ten years under the war department was \$24,661; for four years of civil management the average was \$349,523.

Emil Bockbinder, a courier of Antwerp, who for many years has been piloting people over the Alps, and has visited most of the interesting places in the old world, is in San Francisco in company with several Englishmen. He has been visiting Niagara, the wilder part of the Rocky mountains and the Yosemite, and says that in his judgment the combined older countries of the globe have nothing to compare with the wonders of America. "I think so much of it in every way," said he, "that I have taken out papers of citizenship, and, though I cannot stay but a short time now, I am coming back to make this country my home."

Russia has embarked seriously on a course of parental government. The State Bank advances money at 4 1/2 per cent, a year on all kinds of goods in amounts as high as two-thirds of their value; it takes money on deposit at 1 1/2 per cent. A little while ago, to assist the grain trade, the government bought largely direct from the producers, and will soon be the largest holder of grain in the country. It has nearly completed the absorption of private railroad lines, has acquired the monopoly of the manufacture of spirits and the control of the retail trade, is about to take the wine and sugar trade into its hands, and very likely the coal trade as well.

Senator Dubois says that his jesting promise to Mrs. Carlisle to lead a minuet at her home in Washington in aid of a monument fund nearly ruined his political prospects at home. The opposition papers in Idaho charged him with shamefully neglecting the rights of his constituents for the frivolities of society, and a Populist convention passed a resolution denouncing him and his minuet. Altogether he had a hard time of it, and one newspaper remarked: "If they will try Dubois on the lariat polka or a poccattello reel he will perform much more satisfactorily. He was brought up in a rattlesnake country and can make a backward jump of nine feet."

The largest and probably the most powerful lens ever constructed has just received the finishing touches at the establishment of Alvan G. Clark & Sons of Cambridge, Massachusetts. The lens is intended for the observatory on the shores of Lake Geneva, Wisconsin, which is being built as a gift for the Chicago University by Mr. Yerkes, and which is to be known as the Yerkes observatory. The lens is 41 1/2 inches in diameter, and weighs 500 pounds. The exposed surface or aperture of the lens will be 40 inches, the other inch and a half being taken up by the casing. This makes it four inches larger than that of the Lick telescope in California. The glass consists of two separate lenses of differing density and shape, separated by a space of several inches. The outer of these lenses is made from a perfect piece of crown glass. It is double convex, and weighs 200 pounds. The inner lens is made of

flint glass, is what is known as plano-concave, and weighs about 300 pounds.

A London paper says that for the last eighteen years the Rev. Ogbert Morant, an Anglican clergyman, has been the proprietor of the public house at Hampton Lucy, in Warwickshire. When entering his parish, he had to decide between one of two courses, either to abolish the public house altogether, and thus leave the parishioners to procure indifferent or bad drink at the nearest point or through the grocer, or to try personally the experiment of supplying the community with good, wholesome beer at a properly conducted establishment under the charge of a salaried manager, where the sale of intoxicants to those who had already had enough was prohibited. He courageously took the latter course, in spite of the opposition and criticism he could not hope to escape when entering upon such an unusual clerical undertaking. Mr. Morant showed further his excellent common sense by making the business pay a reasonable amount, the profits being devoted to local charities and works, according to the Scandinavian system. The results, it is claimed, have thoroughly justified the experiment. The inhabitants of Hampton Lucy obtain good and reasonably priced beer, drunkenness is prevented, and the parish benefited by the proceeds of the undertaking.

## JUDGMENT SUSPENDED.

Two shivering little rats of foreign birth sat in the seats of the scorned at the City court yesterday morning oppressed by a fearful looking for of judgment because they had been caught in the act of exploding low-tariff firecrackers contrary to law before the Fourth of July. Their hearts sank within them, their knees smote together and their dirty little toes had the St. Vitus dance. They expected to be hung, at the very least, and would have been powerfully cheered had they heard themselves only sentenced to imprisonment for life. But greater and more astounding mercy was in store for them. The judge looked at them, whereat they quaked far more exceedingly than they had hitherto quaked, and waited in shaky helplessness for the word of doom. But the word of doom was not uttered. Instead the judge said, "Judgment Suspended," which meant that the shivering little rats of foreign birth were guilty of exploding low-tariff firecrackers before the Fourth of July contrary to law, but that, owing to circumstances, their lives would be spared, and such measure of freedom given them as could be theirs with judgment constantly suspended over them and likely to fall at any moment.

The scene was solemn, impressive and instructive. It reminded a witness of it of the firecracker pandemonium which made several nights hideous last week and did some damage to persons and property. The thousands of firecrackers exploded in New Haven last week before the Fourth of July contrary to law are probably all included in the suspended judgment which hangs over the heads of the two shivering little rats of foreign birth who must henceforth walk the earth in dread anticipation of the falling of that judgment. When it falls the rats will be scapegoats.

## THE BICYCLE FACE.

The "bicycle face" is the latest. The bicycle back has long been in evidence, likewise the bicycle leg, and recently the bicycle bloomer has bloomed. Now the bicycle face stares us in the face. It is queer that it has not been noticed and commented on before, for it must have existed for some time. The bicycle face has an "anxious look and an unwelcome pallor." Beginners have it because they can't ride without being anxious and looking pale, and experts have it because they have made it a habit. Of course there is a scientific explanation of the bicycle face. It is given by an English physician, who says: Learning to ride means mastering the art of keeping the machine upright. It has a tendency to fall to one side or the other all the time, which has to be counteracted by a special effort. The learner knows it very well to his cost, but once having learned he forgets about it and does his balancing more or less automatically. Nevertheless the effort is still there and puts a constant though unconscious effort upon the brain and nervous system. The reason why the bicycle has to be learned at all is that the centre of equilibrium in the brain requires to be taught the business of doing its duty under novel circumstances. The falling bicycle is maintained upright by a constant series of small muscular movements, which unconsciously adjust the weight in the proper position, and are themselves controlled by a special brain centre situated at the back of the head. The strain upon this centre is incessant, though unmarked, and some people cannot stand it for more than a short time. This is it that causes the headache and the nervous exhaustion.

Anybody who will look can see the bicycle face. It is not necessarily connected with the bicycle cheek, which is extremely prevalent and obtrusive.

"I understand that a fellow has to know a lot to get into office under the District government," said the young man. "Y-e-s," said the old employee. "It's a good idea for him to know considerable, provided he doesn't tell any of it."—Washington Star.

## THE DEFICIENCY TARIFF.

The government treasury closed the fiscal year June 30 with a deficit of about \$43,000,000. It would have been greater if a special effort had not been made in all the departments to make a good showing by deferring payments that must be made later. It is estimated that if things had been allowed to take their natural course the deficit would have been \$50,000,000. And if the Wilson bill had become a law as it passed the house the government would now be about \$65,000,000 behind.

The deficit of \$43,000,000 is one of the blessings of free trade which we heard so much about just before and just after the last presidential election. We are not hearing much about them now. What we are hearing about now is the grand work of the high financiers in repairing some of the damage done by Democratic misgovernment and incidentally making a profit of a few millions for themselves out of the operation. The indications now are that they may be called on to step into the breach again to save the country and line their own pockets. If they are we shall hear more about it, for it will be harder to save the country the next time and will cost more.

All of which teaches that there are worse things than a tariff that produces enough revenue to run the country. And yet some of the fantastic Democrats say that protection as an issue is played out. They will know better by and by. The people are perceiving that protection by tariff is better and cheaper than protection by a syndicate of high financiers.

## FASHION NOTES.

## Hammock Gowns.

Neglige lawn wrappers are to be had ready-made in pale blue all inlaid with white lace insertion. They have very large sleeves and wide sailor collar that sets out over the shoulders. The front falls straight and full from the throat, and at the back a little yoke is set under the collar to prevent bagging. These are made very long, dragging in the back and hanging about the feet in front. One is not supposed to go walking about in them, as they are for reclining wear, and in the hammock the extra length gives graceful drapery about the feet. When the wearer walks the gown is gathered up in a



cloud, displaying the sweeping under robe. Turkish slippers of satin to match the color of the gown complete the charming, and such get-ups are by no means expensive.

Dressing jackets are a part of every dainty dame's wardrobe now. These come to the hips, are absolutely shapeless and have a high collar that reaches half way up the head in the back. They are finished all about with quilled ribbon, and are made in gay colored silks.

To-day's picture presents a dressy jacket for an entirely different use. It is made of light summer cloth, fastening in the waist with one large button and having a ripple basque edged with a bias fold in addition to embroidery and applied folds, as shown. The sleeves are embroidered and trimmed with like applique folds to those that appear on revers and turn-down collar, the silk embroidery being darker than the material.

Summer-weight silk underwear is being sold for outing wear, for no careful woman thinks of facing the long season at the sea shore or among the mountains without all-over protection almost as heavy as that worn in the cool weather.

FLORETTE.

## CURIOUS.

He—Why do you refuse me when I say I can't live without you? She—You have aroused my curiosity.—Detroit Tribune.

Mother—Frank, what is baby crying about? Frank—I guess because I took his cake and showed him how to eat it.—Harper's Round Table.

"I'm going now; yes, going, going," murmured Steigher. "What an excellent auctioneer you'd make," said the heartless but tired Miss Nyceger.—Boston Courier.

"I trust," began the seedy customer, argumentatively. "I don't," responded the grocer decisively. Somehow the conversation languished after that.—Albany Argus.

Employer—I don't see why you should ask me to pay you more money; you do no more work than formerly. Typewriterist—No, sir; but you see I have a husband to support now.—Puck.

"Mrs. Brown never sits up to wait for her husband." "No?" "No. When she expects him to be out late she retires early, sets the alarm at 3 o'clock and gets up, refreshed and reproachful."—Life.

Mrs. Biskit—My husband never refers to his mother's cooking; he seems perfectly satisfied with mine. Cooker—That's strange, isn't it? Mrs. Biskit—Not to me. You see, his mother used to keep the boarding house I was stopping at when I married him.—Roxbury Gazette.

"Doctor," said the sick man, rolling up his eyes till only the whites showed, "why is it that in the days when I ate

no melons except stolen ones they never bothered me in the least, and now that I am a man and buy my melons as an honest man should, they tie me up in seven kinds of knots?"—Indianapolis Journal.

A Keen Sense of Shame.—"Can you trust me to a glass of beer until day after to-morrow, at half past 12?" he asked as he came over from the free-lunch counter. "No, sir," said the bartender, with hopeless emphasis. "I'm sorry. It seems kinder small for a man to eat a lot of free lunch an' then not buy anything to drink." And he went slowly out with a halo of intense mortification hovering over him.—Puck.

## AMATEUR SILK CULTURE.

Life of the Silkworm and the Spinning of the Cocoon Described.

(From the Boston Evening Transcript.) Possibly it is a little too early to say how good the silk crop of Massachusetts will be this year, as there is, so far, only a beginning of life in the silkworm. It is, however, a fact, although perhaps not a well-known one, that silk is produced in this state; not, of course, with much hope of making it a valuable industry. But where it is carried on, it is, as a rule, not with that object in view. There was a time when many towns around Boston were interested in the silk culture; but as it requires a good deal of attention during the short time when it brings profit, the interest has died out, and it is now carried on only among a few. Mrs. N. W. C. Holt of Winchester is one of these. She has made silk culture one of her amusements, and devotes considerable time to the study of silkworms and other insects. She is an enthusiastic horticulturist, and has one of the prettiest flower and fruit gardens that one could wish to see. She is also a great lover of the little birds that come to this garden to be her guests. "Don't let us stay here too long, or they will abandon their nests," she sometimes says while showing a friend around the garden, and she hurriedly leads the way to another part of the garden, where she calls one's attention to the various insects that are found in her flower beds or on her fruit trees.

Mrs. Holt tells an interesting story as to how she became interested in the silkworm and how she first secured the eggs many years ago. She will then give a detailed account of the process of the hatching, feeding, keeping, growing and spinning of the Bombyx mori. The worms feed only on fresh, green mulberry leaves. When the mulberry tree begins to bud she removes the eggs from a large tin box in which they are kept on white and clean linen cloths, and exposes them to moderate sun or stove heat until they are hatched.

From each egg issues a little worm not more than an eighth of an inch long, and covered with short, black hairs. Eggs cannot be kept more than one year, and must be exposed to heat during the dead months, as they would hatch, and there would not be anything to feed the little insects on. The eggs are of a gray color and about the size of an ordinary pinhead. In the spring Mrs. Holt keeps them in the ice-chest, but so that no humidity can reach them, and even there a few had hatched the other day.

As soon as the eggs are hatched she removes the worms very carefully with a soft small brush and puts about a dozen on each of the mulberry leaves, which have been picked about twenty-four hours, and which are only half grown. Some of them, indeed, are merely buds. Born hungry, the little creatures begin to eat immediately, and will consume a large amount of food. When old enough to crawl around they will spread and eat only on the edges. Sometimes the leaves are chopped in order to make many edges. Mrs. Holt has quite a large pasteboard cover about an inch and a half deep, in which she keeps the insects, together with their food, through their several stages of early life, and until it is necessary time for them to spin. She says that they behave very well and do not go outside their little home, although there is really nothing to prevent them. During the first part of the worm's life it grows fast—so fast, indeed, that the skin does not possess sufficient elasticity to allow of such rapid growth, and bursts, sometimes as early as the fifth or sixth day. When this occurs the worm loses its appetite; its skin grows shiny, and it usually wanders to some unencumbered spot, such as the edge of the box, where it may shed its skin in quiet. With the ordinary race this shedding of the skin takes place four times. It sometimes happens in the last molt that the worm dies. Of course the rapid growth of the worms is due to the previous appetite, and if left to themselves, in the limited space in the box, they would soon be buried in their own filth. To avoid this, Mrs. Holt covers them up with a piece of blank perforated paper, on top of which she spreads a supply of fresh mulberry leaves. All the worms will sooner or later creep through the holes to reach the fresh food, which they soon detect and thus clear themselves of the filth. This is repeated as often as it is deemed necessary; generally it is done after each molt and once or twice between.

Having cast its fourth skin, the worm is fed only moderately at first, as it is apt to overeat itself. After that the meals should be plentiful, as it is at this time that the worm fills its silk ducts, and if deprived of a full supply of food it will make a poor and feeble cocoon. At the close of this fourth stage of the insect's life it loses its appetite and finally ceases entirely to eat, and then begins to throw out a thread of silk, thereby saying as much as, "I'm ready to build my cocoon." Mrs. Holt is very fond of observing the process of spinning, and often gives the insect a chance to work where she can watch it. The silkworm, however, is not inclined to treat spectators very courteously, but will work within closed walls as soon as they can be constructed. One of Mrs. Holt's worms has spun its cocoon in a small wireglass, which was put inverted over the worm at the proper time. In the middle of the glass was spun a cross-work of extremely fine and white silk threads, serving to support the cocoon, which is located in the very center of that beautiful translucent bed.

The cocoon is a pod about the same size, shape and color as a well-shaped peanut; indeed, so much like it that only a close inspection will disclose which is which. The silk is so neatly laid on the inside that it can be untwined without the slightest difficulty, after the moth has been removed. In removing the moth the shell on the cocoon is softened by steam or boiling

water, and an opening is made in one end, through which the moth is forced out. After building the cocoon the larva, if left to itself, is transformed into a chrysalis and comes forth a moth, easily bursting through the case of silk and floss. The moth lays the eggs and then dies.

Several of Mrs. Holt's teacher friends in Winchester and elsewhere have obtained practical lessons in the history of silkworms and silk culture, and the pupils in the Winchester schools have drawn benefit from her unselfish interest in that branch of natural science. "Where did you get those ribbons?" said Mrs. Holt the other day to a little girl, who had come to visit her, referring to the trimming on the little one's hat. "I got them from the store, ma'am," answered the girl. "But where did the store get them?" continued the lady. After a short pause the girl concluded that she "didn't know." A talk about the contents of the pasteboard box followed, and the little girl had as interesting and instructive a time as she could have wished for. The mulberry tree grows on rich and warm soil mixed with much mud, and that such is the soil in this neighborhood Mrs. Holt's many thriving mulberry trees give proof. If, like Mrs. Holt, other people "did not see why the silk industry could not be made a paying industry in Massachusetts," there would no doubt be an increase in the silk production of Massachusetts. Many elderly people, confined more or less to their homes, might profitably follow the example of Mrs. Ellen C. Johnstone, the superintendent of the Women's Reformatory prison at Sherborn, Mass., who got a nice silk dress for her little silkworm friends as a reward for her trouble with them.

## A Miniature Railroad System.

(From Harper's Round Table.)

One of the most interesting models perhaps ever made, in a popular way, has been prepared by an English clergyman, the Rev. H. L. Waneford, of Windsor, England. Dr. Waneford has a small yard in the rear of his house, surrounded by an ordinary brick wall. Along the rear end of the garden he has built a railroad from wall to wall, in that distance overcoming the inconveniences of the ground which usually require the mechanical ability of railroad builders. The road runs from a little station called Chicago at one end to a small station at the other end known as Jericho. It is complete in every detail, and as thoroughly so as if it were one of the great lines that run across England. The two stations even have advertisements posted on them, as any ordinary station does; and the terminal facilities, though they are small and rather simple, are in their way as complete as in any full-size railroad.

The track is over eighty feet in length, with a gauge of 2 1/2 inches; and in order that it might get in in these eighty feet all the different forms of railway construction, Dr. Waneford has made the track so that it runs over some of the uneven spots in his yard, and in this way, in the places where bridges are required, he has constructed that form of bridge which would naturally be best suited for the particular form of ravine or cavity over which the road is to run. One of the prettiest of these bridges is a thoroughly constructed cantilever bridge, on the form of the great Forth bridge between Scotland and England, which passes over a little excavation immediately after the train has come out of a long, thoroughly constructed tunnel. Another bridge is a perfectly constructed screw arch, which the train crosses a few feet after having left Chicago. Then comes the model of an American trestle, and after passing over this the road runs through the tunnel, over the cantilever bridge, through a cutting, and finally over a steel tubular bridge into Jericho.

## Here are TIPS For Outing Trips.

WE have ready-filled PICNIC BASKETS containing a dainty and carefully selected assortment of suitable LUNCHEON GOODS.

Their cost is \$1, \$2, \$3, \$4 or \$5, according to extent and variety of contents.

They save the bother of making selections, and at the same time insure you from leaving out the very articles you meant to take along.

Circular containing list of the different assortments mailed upon request.

EDWARD HALL & SON 770 Chapel Street.

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The cocoon is a pod about the same size, shape and color as a well-shaped peanut; indeed, so much like it that only a close inspection will disclose which is which. The silk is so neatly laid on the inside that it can be untwined without the slightest difficulty, after the moth has been removed. In removing the moth the shell on the cocoon is softened by steam or boiling

water, and an opening is made in one end, through which the moth is forced out. After building the cocoon the larva, if left to itself, is transformed into a chrysalis and comes forth a moth, easily bursting through the case of silk and floss. The moth lays the eggs and then dies.

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GUARANTEED NOT TO RIP OR FRAY

In the laundrying. They are offered at this price as a

LEADER, and are our Best Grade.

CHASE & CO.

SHIRTMAKERS, New Haven House Building.

## REFORM IN TOBACCO



MAIL POUCH

No Chemicals  
Nicotine Neutralized  
No Nerves Quaking  
No Heart Palpitating  
No Dyspeptic Aching  
ANTI-NEUROSTIC

Young Mother (exhibiting infant)—Do you think he looks like his father, Mr. Oldboy? Mr. Oldboy—Well, yes, there is a family resemblance, but is isn't striking enough to worry about.—Harlem Life.

"There is one point in your future husband's character that you are to be congratulated on," said Miss Cayenne. "What is that?" asked the engaged girl, her eyes lighting with happiness. "He is very easy to please." "How do you know?" "He's so well satisfied with himself."—Washington Star.

LOOK IN OUR WINDOW AND SEE THE Old Hickory Chairs.

LARGE ROCKERS, Oak frame, double seat and back, nicely made, \$15.00, \$20.00, \$25.00, \$30.00.

SMALL ROCKERS, Double seat, \$10.00 to \$20.00.

SOLID OAK SUITS, Five pieces, \$12.00.

WHITE ENAMEL SUITS, \$17.00.

We have a few rolls of fine JAP MATTING at 25c.

The Bowditch Furniture Co. 100 to 106 Orange Street. We close Saturdays at 12 o'clock. Open Monday evenings.

MECHANICS' BANK OF NEW HAVEN, CONNECTICUT. Quarterly Statement, July 1st, 1895.

Capital stock	\$300,000 00
Depositors' accounts	430,915 40
Due to banks	20,184 85
Surplus funds	35,000 00
Profit and loss	5,880 00
Dividends unpaid	7,975 50
<b>Total</b>	<b>\$819,975 75</b>

Liabilities	\$785,000 00
Bills discounted	\$625,903 16
Banking house	25,000 00
Specie	17,513 99
Bank and legal tender notes	41,122 00
Due from banks	60,175 94
Checks for clearing house	1,409 85
Checks and cash items	1,947 75
<b>Total</b>	<b>\$785,000 00</b>

Resources, CHAS. H. TROWBRIDGE, Cashier.

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